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The

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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

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### THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen. Its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, payable in advance.

*Persons ordering a change in the direction of the MAGAZINE should always give both the old and new address, in full.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued, annually, as a four page tract adapted to seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20 for a LOAN LIBRARY may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

*Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.*

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give *annual* notice of their desire for its continuance.

### REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

### LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

### FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:—

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, *at the same time*, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

# SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



## AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 70,

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 10.

### WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN.

(New York Harbor, August 20, 1898.)

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,  
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthestmost isles are free,  
And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,  
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still!"  
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,  
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,  
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies roam,  
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers rest,  
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the golden west  
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,  
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!  
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,  
Peace at last! is the bugle-blast the length of the long blockade,  
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,  
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show  
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them rise and go,  
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,  
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered "Here!"  
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song  
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong,  
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the decks they trod,  
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,  
 To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of the sea,  
 To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,  
 To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait:—  
 But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home  
 And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,  
 And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!  
 Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in

GUY WETMORE CARRYL, in *Harper's Weekly*

### OVER THE SEA TO SKYE.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
 Say, could that lad be I?  
 Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
 Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,  
 Rum on the starboard bow;  
 Glory of youth glowed in his soul:  
 Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
 Say, could that lad be I?  
 Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
 Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,  
 Give me the sun that shone!  
 Give me the eyes, give me the soul,  
 Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
 Say, could that lad be I?  
 Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
 Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,  
 Mountains of rain and sun,  
 All that was good, all that was fair,  
 All that was me is gone.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

### EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

REAR-ADMIRAL W. A. KIRKLAND, who recently died, was interested in the religious meetings held at the Cob Dock and gave them his moral support when in command of the New York Navy Yard. On one occasion he gave without solicitation five hundred dollars for new books for the Sailors' Library in Library Hall, allowing others to make the selection of volumes. Naval officers in general do what they can to brighten the sailor's life, and the sailor's devotion to them was witnessed often in the recent war.

THE successor of JOHN M. WOOD at the Cob Dock services at the New York Navy Yard is to be the Rev. GEORGE B. CUTLER. Mr. CUTLER was born in Maine, and in early manhood served as a sailor before the mast for six years. It was deemed an advantage, other things being equal, to have an American by birth and an ex-sailor in this responsible place. Mr. CUTLER has had the blessing of God on his labors as an evangelist in Rhode Island. He has a good

voice and pleasing address, knows sailor life and sailor men, and will come to his ministry in the Navy Yard with the strong endorsement of good men who have known him long and well. May we bespeak for him the prayers of many, that the Holy Spirit may endue him with power for service.

It is proper to say that the Cob Dock services have been, ever since Mr. WOOD's death, largely attended and earnestly spiritual. The Rev. WESLEY O. HOLWAY, senior chaplain of the U. S. Navy, has done the best kind of work, and has had the co-operation of the best kind of volunteer helpers. Mrs. WOOD, with her persuasive singing of the gospel, has rendered valuable aid.

Mr. E. F. MUNSTER, of Belfast, who is sending large gifts of the best tracts to our sailor-missionaries in many countries, writes to this office: "As to the late dear Mr. WOOD, he has surely made a change for the better; absent from the body, present with the Lord. No doubt his loss is felt, but he had finished his course, and the Lord will raise up others to take his place."

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THE discussions in the press recently on the use of profane language among officers of the navy have provoked answers from some naval men, showing that the charge has been exaggerated and in some cases untrue. Sensitiveness to the charge and replies to it are a healthy sign. It is evident that profanity is frowned upon in the service, and that the practice of it is exceptional. Indeed, it would be hard to find a body of men more dignified and self-respecting in every way than the officers of our navy. As a body they seem to have imbibed the essence of the advice given by the celebrated Lord NAPIER: "In reproving a subordinate take care to be just; every word you say more than the circumstances strictly warrant, you give him a grievance. Avoid that as far as possible." Chaplain HOES, of the *Iowa*, in his sermon, printed in this number, admonishes seamen of their swearing habit, and calls on them to break it up, not because it is ungentlemanly and offensive to others, (and it is both), but because of God's command against it.

We knew a sea-captain who sailed for sixty years, and not once used profane language, nor touched tobacco, nor tasted intoxicating drink.

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THE Secretary is ready to preach in any church in behalf of this Society, to explain its work to the King's Daughters, to the Society of Christian Endeavor, to Monthly Concerts of Prayer, to Sunday Schools, to parlor meetings. Write to him at No. 76 Wall Street, New York.

LOAN LIBRARIES. Mr. CAMPBELL KEITH writes of No. 8,954:

The captain of the schooner *Sabrina* asked me to thank you for the library and would like you to send another.

The mate of the schooner *Nettie Shipman* writes of No. 9,099:

Your library has been on board a year and given general satisfaction, and has been appreciated by all.

The master of the schooner *William M. Bird* writes of No. 9,176:

Please accept thanks from me and all of my crew and of many that have read them in my former crews. I know it has done good; it has been the cause of some of my crew joining the Templar Order; it has helped them to keep in good society at the Seamen's Bethels in Boston. I know of two joining the Meridian Street Bethel, East Boston; also it has helped me, and I cannot say or praise it too much.

The master of the brigantine *Union* writes of No. 9,211:

I have much pleasure in stating that it has been on board for two voyages and that books have been read with much interest by officers and men, thus profitably disposing of many leisure hours, which would otherwise have been wasted. We feel very grateful for the good work done by your Society, and believe that in the great day of final accounts, that it will be found that many have been turned to seek the Lord by such means as the above.

The mate of the bark *Star of the East* writes of No. 9,405:

I have to thank you on behalf of the crew, as well as ourselves, for the library, which is always appreciated. Our library is put on deck every Sunday morning and the crew take what books they want for the week. We thank you very much for this new one and assure you it will be well taken care of.

The captain of the *Arbutus* writes of No. 9,703:

I have enjoyed the reading of it very much and so have my sailors, and we thank you very much for the use of it. If you would kindly remove it, and if it was not too much trouble replace the books by others, it would be a great favor to myself and crew.

The master of the bark *Calburga* writes of Nos. 10,186 and 10,262:

During the past year we have had two libraries aboard, having exchanged one with the bark *Launburga*. I am pleased to say that the books were read with interest by officers and crew, who no doubt derived much benefit from them. As we are bound out East I hope you will favor us with another good library. Enclose find two dollars to cover any damage that may have been done to the library.

The master of the bark *A. W. Spies* writes of No. 10,419:

Please allow me to express my thanks for your very valuable library by which many dreary hours on a long sea voyage are whiled away. However, in my opinion the library would be far more perused by seamen were it less spiritual than the last one furnished to me.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE ENLISTED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

SERMON BY CHAPLAIN ROSWELL RANDALL HOES, U. S. N., PREACHED  
ON THE U. S. S. "IOWA," JULY 17, 1898.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. Psalm 107: 23.

I desire to offer this morning a few remarks on the Enlisted Men of the United States Navy. I refer to those of whatever name, whether seamen or marines, firemen or others, who, under the direction of various officers, constitute the working force of our ships, and for the sake of brevity I shall include them all, in what I have to say, under the general term of "seamen."

Let us now briefly inquire who are our seamen, whence do they come, what are their virtues, and what their vices.

If the officers of a ship, in their collective capacity, may be called its heart, the seamen are its blood, sustaining through its veins and giving life and vitality to the whole naval structure. Or they may be called the muscles of the service by whose alternate expansion and contraction each of our ships performs its allotted functions. The working efficiency of our Navy depends therefore quite as much upon its seamen as its officers. They are like the rank and file of a great army without whose aid and co-operation no general can march forth to victory. They are, in the last analysis, the efficient cause that enables our naval service to accomplish the purposes for which it was intended.

The American seaman, to-day, is an American citizen, and a representative of that great class, neither rich nor poor, which con-

stitutes the bone and sinew of our country. They are recruited, as a rule, from our farms and our factories, our mills and our mines, our workshops, our railroads, our canals, and represent in short almost every field of honest labor and activity. They form a part of that class whose cumulative voice always has, and always will, under our form of government, elect our Presidents, our Governors, and our Congressmen—the class whose will is always respected in our national councils, and which, when properly directed, invariably makes for the prosperity and welfare of our land.

If such be the relations our seamen sustain to the outer world, their *domestic* relations are no less worthy of notice and commendation. They come from happy homes whence affectionate, and often pious, fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters follow them with their prayers and blessings. There is no more effectual way of appealing to the heart of a sailor than by the love which he bears his mother. Wherever our seamen may be, whether cruising along our shores or anchored in foreign ports, whether facing the realities of war or engaged in the quieter activities of peace, the sweetest words that can strike their ears are home and mother. They form the true centre of their affections and the chief objects of their earthly hopes, and the mem-

ories that they awaken have saved many a seaman in the hour of temptation, who otherwise would have fallen under the power of evil influences. It is my belief that all the good qualities in the character of the American seaman have been more largely moulded by home influences than by all others combined. Let us now name a few of these good qualities.

1. I am convinced that the average seaman is *actuated by a high sense of duty*. I believe that he performs his allotted tasks, as a rule, not through fear of punishment if he neglect them, but because he realizes that he is under a moral obligation to perform them. I believe, moreover, that their sense of moral obligation is as deeply developed in the American seaman as it is in any class of men the world over, whether on land or afloat. There are some perhaps to whom the remark does not apply, but the exceptions serve only to give emphasis to the general statement. Dispute it who may, the average American seaman, with all his deficiencies and shortcomings (and who in any walk of life is without them?) is, so far as this element of his character is concerned, a self-respecting man. He may at times do wrong, he may in unguarded moments prove false to the better instincts of his nature, but his sense of right and his self-respect will usually reassert themselves and enable him, by taking warning of the past, to fortify himself more strongly for the future. All men have their faults. None are perfect. Angels do not exist outside of paradise. Our seamen form no exception. They too have their weaknesses, and their temptations and their sins, but he would be a bold man who claimed that seamen were,

from a moral point-of-view, one whit worse than their brothers on the shore, or that they were less influenced, in their daily activities, by a stricter sense of duty.

2. In the second place, the American citizen is intensely patriotic. Patriotism is based upon both sentiment and principle. But sentiment, when rightly exercised, constitutes one of the noblest springs of human activity. Without it the intellect would be robbed of all that play of the imagination which gives zest to life and healthful impulse to the performance of noble deeds. When, however, it is allied to principle it becomes a well nigh invincible power. I feel certain that the patriotism of our seamen is made up of both of these elements. They are proud of their country, and are ready at all times to rally to its defense, at whatever cost of life or limb. Who can doubt this when observing their conduct during the war in which we are now engaged? It is true that you of the *Iowa* have, through the protection of a kind Providence, almost wholly escaped thus far from physical injury. Only three of your number have been wounded. But you did not, and could not, know you would be unhurt when, at Porto Rico and many times at Santiago, you too your stations with determination and enthusiasm, actuated by the single desire to strike the enemy in behalf of your country. No fear of death or injury deterred you. You realized that America was your country, you were proud of it, and you were enthusiastic over the thought of winning new honors for her name. Such was your patriotism, and it will form the foundation of your actions in any other scenes of danger or responsibility to which you may be summoned.

during the present war. The whole history of our country abounds with noble exploits which have been achieved by our seamen, under such leaders as John Paul Jones, and Decatur, and Farragut, and Sampson, and Dewey. It was patriotism that inspired our enlisted men under their leadership, and whenever other opportunities shall be offered to prove their valor, none need doubt that American sailors will be true to the traditions of the past, and cheerfully brave any dangers that the call of duty may present.

"The ships have changed and the guns have changed, but the spirit hath alter'd not,

For the lessons we learned in the days long gone we conned with each shrieking shot,

And in those days, where our frigates sailed, no matter how near or far,

They made a name, and it's still the same, for the fighting Yankee tar.

Our grandsires lived, and our grandsires fought, with colors nail'd to the mast;

And we follow the lead, in the days now here, they gave in the living past.

Laid yard to yard, they loved to fight where their cannon would leave their scar,

And they made the name, and it's still the same, with the fighting Yankee tar.

For it's open wide the twelve-inch breech, and 'load' her with her shell,

Then 'prime' her when you get the word, and see you 'point' her well.

'Ready now!' 'All hands stand clear!' until the word of 'Fire!'

When the gunner jerks the lanyard taut for another funeral pyre."

3. Again, the average American seaman is patient. It is not every one on board of our ships who realizes the petty trials and

annoyances to which our seamen, sometimes avoidably and sometimes unavoidably, are subjected. They are various in kind and different in degree, but they are frequently of such a nature as to tax one's patience, and sometimes to exert a discouraging influence in the performance of duty—and all this in spite of every effort that may be made by commanding officers and executive officers to correct them. Such trials and annoyances may occur at any time, but they are especially likely to present themselves in time of war. In fact, under such circumstances, they would seem almost inevitable. War taxes the patience of those who are actively engaged in it in more ways than one, and it may require as much moral courage to face an annoyance, a difficulty, a trial, a discouragement, in the right spirit, as it requires physical courage to face an enemy at one of our unprotected secondary guns. Now I have frequently passed through every part of this ship from the engine-room to the fore-castle and have often conversed with the crew, and I am glad to bear witness that, with perhaps two exceptions, I have never heard a word of complaint in view of trials and annoyances to which all of the crew have necessarily been subjected during the present war. You have borne them in a spirit of patience worthy of your vocation as American seamen, and have thereby given fitting evidence that you have been influenced by considerations far superior to those urged by personal comfort and welfare.

But I must be brief, and, passing over many other good qualities of the American seaman, I remark, finally, that he is above all things *generous*. I do not think I put

the case too strongly when I say, as the result of my own experience and observation, that he is generous to a fault. By this I mean that he is a large-hearted, kindly-disposed, unselfish man, willing to sacrifice himself for others, and to render to his comrades as well as to his superiors all those services, both great and small, that render a man loveable to his fellows and pleasing in the sight of God. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon this quality of our seamen. It is recognized by a vast majority of those who have come into contact with them, and will be denied only by a pitiable minority who recognize selfishness as the chief motive of human action, and believe, or pretend to believe, that no man will render a service to another without harboring a hope of receiving some personal advantage in return. For one, I believe that there is such a thing in this world as generosity and unselfishness, and so far as my observation goes I also believe that these attractive traits of character are as fully developed in the American seaman as in any other class of men that can be named.

But let us now turn the page and read what is written on the other side. I have briefly referred to a few of the good qualities of American seamen, and it is equally fair and just that I should name some of their vices. That they have them, is only another way of stating that they are human. While our seamen are subject to like temptations with other men, there are also some that beset them perhaps with peculiar and exceptional power. I do not believe that the men of our navy plunge into vice with more facility than other men, nor that they are more indifferent than others to the

claims which God has upon them. In this respect doubtless no worse and I may add no better than those whose lives are spent upon the shore. They are all comprehended in the sad statement of Scripture, that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

1. I believe that one of the greatest vices to which our seamen are subject is *immorality*. I shall not enlarge on this matter except to say that there are those of high rank and reputation in the service who, while they do not perhaps positively defend this failing of the sailor, attempt in a measure to condone it. A seemingly plausible argument has been offered that whatever responds to the demands of our physical natures is justifiable in the sight of the God who made us what we are and as we are. Foolish sophistry adduces other arguments, but all of them fail when measured by the law of God. Argue as we will, the truth remains and towers high above all excuses for human frailty, that God has placed within us a constantly whispering voice which every one knows by the name of *conscience*. It approves of the right and condemns the wrong, and all of us know, in spite of every argument that sophistry can offer, that among the things which it marks with the seal of its condemnation is the crying sin of impurity, whether in thought, word or deed.

2 Another great vice of the American seaman is *intemperance*. It is not, however, peculiar to him, for vast multitudes on shore are equally addicted to it. It is the national curse of America and Great Britain. It degrades a man in his own estimation by robbing him of his self-respect, and it dwarfs his soul in the eyes of God. It often leads its victims to the

commission of almost every sin named in the Decalogue. It is the greatest obstacle Satan has yet devised to the prosperity of the Christian church and the spread of Christ's gospel among sinning humanity. It changes the image of man, formed like unto his Creator, into the image of a beast. In short, it deprives one of almost all those qualities of true manhood which God intended that he should cherish and develop, and sinks him under the terrible weight of divine condemnation. Oh, what a moral revolution would be effected if the brave seamen of America could and would realize the truth of these statements!

3. But, in conclusion, I must name one other vice to which our seamen are addicted, and that is *profanity*. I freely concede that this vice is largely the result of habit, and I am convinced that in the vast majority of instances, to use a homely but expressive phrase, our seamen "don't mean anything by it." The fact, however, remains that it is an appalling sin. It would be difficult to find a man, either afloat or ashore, who would deliberately curse God, and such an act would be especially foreign to the nature and character of the American sailor. He may not as a rule be what is technically known as a religious man, but he certainly has an outward respect for religious things, and, all other considerations being equal, he would prefer to do right rather than to do wrong. No, the profanity of our seamen is not in most instances a deliberate sin—but it is a sin all the same, and a monstrous sin, in the sight of God. It is usually the result of forgetfulness and indifference crystalized into that awful enemy named *habit*. "Thou shalt not take the name of the

Lord thy God in vain" is a commandment that has been passed down through the centuries, and is as binding in its application to all men to-day as it was when Moses first received it on the burning mount.

I have thus presented, my comrades, the two pages, imperfectly depicting some of the chief virtues and vices of the American seaman. One of the chief pages is bright and attractive, the other is dark and repulsive. I cannot draw up a balance-sheet. God alone can do that. No one but He is capable of penetrating the recesses of our hearts, and none but He can correctly judge our acts, or understand the motives that underly them. For my part, I can only appeal to you to bring yourselves, through God's aid, to a higher plane of thought and action. What you and I and every man need most to realize is that sin is everywhere in and around us. Temptations also beset us on every side. We cannot trust to our own strength to overcome them. But God has furnished a way. He has provided the means of overcoming the power of sin and the allurements of the flesh. If we look to Him, and the Saviour whom He has given, sin may still remain with us during our brief earthly careers, but it can no more have complete "dominion" over us. Let us therefore resolve to be Christians in the brightest sense in which that word can be used. Let us trust to the merits of Christ who died that we might live; and, in the inspired words of Isaiah, "let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God for He will abundantly pardon."

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## REMINISCENCES OF A SAILOR.

BY ALBERT REMICK.

*(Continued from the September number.)*

Nothing of note occurred in sailing up the Pacific except the hard work on the rigging and the scraping of the chain cable, which latter we took to cheerfully, as it indicated preparation to come to anchor. What a beautiful sight was land after being at sea for nearly ninety-four days! About five o'clock Sunday afternoon we cast anchor in Callao harbor. What a joyous sound to hear the anchor splash and the chain run out!

Very soon the bum-boats began to come around ostensibly to sell fruit but really to sell liquor; so the mate gave orders for all boats to be kept away. The next morning the captain in his gig with four men rowed ashore. Just before he left the ship several sailors went to the quarter deck and asked permission to go ashore, which was promptly refused. I was one of the boat's crew and went ashore with the captain who gave strict orders to the mate not to let a man go ashore and not to allow a bum-boat to come near the ship during his absence. When we got back to the ship in the afternoon we found everything in confusion; the men had mutinied and quit work. It seems that shortly after we left ship in the morning a boat sneaked under the bows and the men lowered a bucket down to the boat and got a quantity of a native liquor very much stronger than whisky, which they drank until all were drunk, then they refused to obey the orders of the mate, got fighting among themselves and

some of them got badly used up. When the captain heard the report of the mate he went into the cabin and got his pistols and loaded them; got his iron hand-cuffs and stationed himself at the cabin door; his officers outside to protect him and carry out his orders. Then all hands were called aft on the quarter deck and brought before the captain, one at a time, and were asked why they refused duty. Some complained of difference in pay, others of bad treatment and all wished to go ashore, as they could then desert, have a good spree and ship again, as wages from Callao were \$50 per month. The captain then told them if they would go to work he would overlook their fault. All but five promised to do right, these five were put in irons, and tied in different parts of the quarter deck. Next day the American consul came on board and held a sort of court. He told them he could not take them ashore, but unless they promised to go to work and behave as good men, he would order them to be taken back to the United States in irons and fed on bread and water only, and they would be tried as mutineers. So poor Jack saw that there was no chance for him, and all but one were liberated on their promise to obey. This one man said he would work, but if he got out of irons he swore vengeance on the mate; so he was carried to the Chincha Islands in irons for twelve days, when he promised to behave and was liberated.

It was the custom while lying at the islands for American captains to take a boat's crew to a ship starting for home to say good-bye, help the ship to get under weigh, &c. Sometimes we would have one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five men on a ship, and then we would have good shanties. To set the topsails we would man the halyards and walk away with them, and then give a bowline haul to set them taut. To lay aloft and loose the sails was real fun, so many men would start when the order was given. This sailing was usually accompanied with a parting drink of pisco (a strong drink) for men only, which made them very lively. We would get the ship already before noon, then have dinner and weigh anchor. This was done to take advantage of the trade winds, which always commenced blowing about ten o'clock a. m. and increased gradually till midnight, so that by noontime there was a fair sailing breeze. We would stay by the ship well out to sea, and then all leave and have a race back to our ships. We used to do some good pulling to keep up our reputation, as the largest ship there at that time.

One evening an officer with a boat's crew came to visit our first mate while we were lying at the Chincha Islands, and they evidently had been drinking heavily; at the same time the third and fourth mates had been indulging too much, so that when the visiting officer got ready to start home no boat was to be found. The mate thinking the boat's crew might have deserted went into the forecastle to hunt for them, but he found the men drunk and cross and finally had a regular fight with them, in which the third

and fourth mates joined the men. It was a terrible fight, in which the mate got badly cut and finally ran and hid where he could not be found. All night long those men were fighting, and next morning, being Sunday, the mate made his first appearance on deck with an ugly gash on one cheek and walking slightly lame, and badly frightened.

On Monday the third and fourth mates asked to be discharged, to which the captain agreed, and they were sent back to Callao. This brought me into prominence, as the mate would not stay on the quarter deck alone, and all the passage I was obliged to pace the deck with him during our night watches, and any orders to the men would be delivered by me. This of course was good schooling for me, as it was fitting me for an officer in case I was obliged to follow the sea for a living.

Finally our ship was loaded and it was our turn to entertain the boats' crews. I was so happy when the order was given to lay aloft and loose the royals, the topgallant sails, and then the topsails. When the order was given to weigh anchor we had the foretopgallant forecastle crowded with men and more than could get hold of the windlass-bars, but they all stood there to join in the singing, and we had a good shanty leader. Oh, how happy I was when we started to say good-bye.

When all the boats were gone we put on all canvas and were once more on the broad ocean standing out for home. Of course we could not sail as fast as when we were in ballast, as we were now heavily loaded with twenty-five hundred tons of guano, and were drawing twenty-four feet. Still being such a sharp clipper she

sailed well and it was a pleasure to be at the wheel.

As we neared the latitude of Patagonia we began to have cold weather, and finally when we got down to Cape Horn found the same gale from the south-east that we had left there in coming around, but the gale was now in our favor, and we squared the yards and came round the Cape in fine style; but going before the wind was very disagreeable; first one rail under water and then the

other, the decks continually wet for nearly three weeks, oft-times knee-deep in the waist, making working of the main pump very difficult. Some days the water would put out the fires in the galley, wet all our clothes and bedding, so that for nearly three weeks we had no dry clothes to wear and no dry bed to sleep in. This was very uncomfortable, and led me to ask again, why will men undertake this chance a second time?

*(To be continued.)*

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

### THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

The following is an extract from the Journal of the Light House Station at Cohansey River, N. J., William C. Yates, keeper, and Abe L. Yates, acting keeper.

October 22, 1878. At ten o'clock p. m. the wind came out from the east and commenced blowing fresh, increasing to twelve o'clock, when it was blowing a gale.

October 23. At one o'clock the gale increased, blowing heavy, and so continued until half-past three a. m., when the tide commenced running up very rapidly. At five o'clock the tide came over the bank (about fifteen feet high), the seas being very heavy. Abe L. Yates, Mary E. Yates and Louie F. Yates were the only ones at the station, the keeper and his wife being absent by permission on a visit to Philadelphia. The wind was near south-east.

My son and daughter commenced getting in the chickens, tubs, and all loose articles out doors. The wind was so strong Abe had to creep along the bank on his hands and knees, it being impossible to stand up against it. He then got in the oil, a hundred gallon butt, oil measures, cans, etc., out of the

oil room into the house or kitchen part. By this time the sea was breaking on the porch; he then secured the front doors and windows and proceeded to carry things from the lower room to the second story.

About six o'clock, while thus engaged, a tidal wave struck the front of the dwelling, bursting open the doors and windows, filling the lower rooms three and a half feet deep with water, the seas running up the stairs on the entry to the first landing; the seas also breaking on the front and flying on the roof.

At the time the sea burst in the doors, my daughters Mary and Louie were trying to get a can of oil upstairs to secure it for future light, when the sea swept Mary along the entry and was just carrying her out of the back door, when her brother Abe by the most strenuous efforts reached her and succeeded in dragging her in, and up on to the stairs, thus saving their lives.

Abe now had to brace himself against the back door to keep it open to give vent to the seas that were rushing through the house. Had the lower door been closed, the walls would have been beaten down. He remained in this position for three hours, waist deep in water, and the sea breaking over him; at the same time giving orders to his sisters and quieting their fears.

From six to eight a. m. the wind was blowing a hurricane, at the velocity of eighty miles an hour. Between six and seven o'clock two schooners dragged their anchors and came ashore at the boat-house on the point; one was the *Anne Worrill* of Camden, Capt. William Joslin; the other, the *Anne B. Russell* of Bricksboro, N. J., Capt. David Goslin. They both got foul there, and the mast of the *Russell* commenced going over; the crew of the *Russell* jumped on the deck of the *Worrill*, thus saving their lives. The schooners now separated; the *Anne Worrill* driving toward the Light House. She went over the bank, passing within twenty feet of the rear of the dwelling.

As she passed, the girls and my son waved a good-bye to them, which the crew returned, neither party ever expecting to see another setting sun. The *Worrill* now was driven by the gale up to near the woods, when they got anchor and a piece of jib up, and worked her nearly off the meadows, going ashore about eighty feet on.

The schooner *Anne B. Russell* followed the *Anne Worrill*, coming over the bank stern foremost. As she crossed the bank, her mast went by the board. After she got over the bank her anchor caught in the ditch, brought her to inside of the yard at the rear bank,

where she sank and became a badly wrecked vessel. She was loaded with forty cords of pine wood.

Had either schooner run foul of the Light House, it would have battered it down. Had the *Worrill* run foul of the Light House, both crews would have been lost and also the people in the Light House.

The tide rose to twelve feet above mean high water; the seas were said to be ten to twelve feet high; the wind blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour. The tide was at its highest from seven to eight a. m. and fell very slowly, it being nine o'clock before it left the door-sill. Cohansey Light stood in a seething, raging sea, five miles from any land; the meadows being covered with nine feet of water, a heavy sea as far as the highlands. My son and daughters kept cool and collected through it all and by testimony of captains they kept up a good light throughout the dark hours of the gale, showing themselves the worthy children of a Light Keeper.

In the afternoon, after the tide went down and the gale ceased, the U. S. steam-tender *Rose*, Capt. Charles Smith, came to the light and by his kind assistance got the lower rooms cleaned of mud, the stoves put up (which had been washed down), fires made; furnishing us coal and water, and taking my worn-out daughters on board, running up to Greenwich, getting us fresh water and provisions, as all of our fresh water and provisions were lost. We all feel under great obligations to Capt. Smith for his kind assistance in our distress. The U. S. *Rose* lay at the wharf and rode out the gale, although Capt. Smith says they expected to go down every minute, as most of the wharf

was torn away, and all buoys carried off inland. All the out buildings, plank-walks, oil-shed, porch in front, steps in rear, boat, boat-house, three tons of coal, wood, etc., were all swept away, also nothing in sight but the shop,

which is a quarter of a mile up the meadows. The sea overset the one hundred oil butt, spilling out fifteen gallons of oil that were in it, and battering the butt so that it is now useless.

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## A SKETCH OF THE SUNDSVALL SEAMEN'S MISSION.

BY THE REV. E. ERIKSSON.

In 1867 the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY appointed me a missionary to seamen to assist the late Rev. F. O. Nelson in his work in Gothenburg and its vicinity. I have always been thankful to God for this opportunity to work in His vineyard and win souls for His kingdom.

My field of labor was the islands in the vicinity and the small ports along the coast. This was indeed a glorious field in which more than seven hundred souls have been converted. I often met with great opposition from the pastors of the State Church and the local authorities, and found it necessary to leave certain places temporarily, but on my return I always found an open door and the people ready to welcome me into their homes. I continued my work along the coast until 1872, when I was transferred to Gefle.

I entered upon my new field of labor with much prayer and consecration, and not without fear. Gefle was reported to be the darkest spot in the country, and I found it to be so. I worked hard for three years without seeing much result of my labor. There was no one who would open his house for a gospel meeting, in fact, no one dared to do so; but my field was out on the river on

board the vessels, and I recall the time when three to four hundred people were gathered on the shore to listen to the preaching.

In 1875 a pastor in the State Church, Mr. Waldenstom, who had come into the true light of the gospel, started an evangelical mission society. This gave a new life to our mission. Men of great influence came forward to assist in the work, and we were daily cheered by the reports from the islands and the fisher villages that men wanted us to come to preach to them; they wanted to hear more about the living Saviour, not being satisfied with a formal Christianity. One of my assistants was a young Baptist preacher, Mr. Erik Rosen, and he was a blessing to me and my work. We often went out to the woods together on Sunday to preach, and sometimes we had between four and five thousand to listen to the gospel.

During the time I was stationed in Gefle I was requested to visit Helsinfors, Finland, and St. Petersburg, Russia. In St. Petersburg fifty souls surrendered to God.

In 1891 I was removed to Sundsvall, and I left Gefle with hearty thanks to God for what He had done through me in that place. I recall with great joy that in one

year of my ministry in Gefle about five hundred precious souls were converted.

Sundsvall is different from all other ports in Sweden by the fact that the port of loading is not in Sundsvall but in fifty different places in the vicinity. To get to those ports of loading I have to use the small steamboats which are running between Sundsvall and the ports; the steamship company kindly allowing me free passage, for which I am very thankful, as without it to a great extent I would be hindered in my work. For seven years have I labored in this port, in the summer visiting the vessels, in the winter visiting the fisher-

villages. It has been my privilege to see hundreds of sailors enter the new life.

We are greatly indebted to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for the interest it has shown in the evangelical work in Sweden. As we are looking back upon the past I cannot help saying that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has done more to evangelize the country than any other society, and I feel it to be my duty to call attention to the fact that it is on the islands and in the fisher-villages where that Society's missionary has worked that the evangelical cause is the strongest.

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### "TELL THEM."

St. Paul states that "God chooses weak things to confound the mighty;" and how truly is this the case. The reason for it is not far to seek, even that the hand of God may be evidenced the more.

Gideon's army of thousands were "too many" for God to use to deliver Israel, so He chose out three hundred only, and did the work with that small number, giving the reason therefor.

Soon after arriving home again in November, 1861, I was transferred to H. M. ship *Cumberland* at Sheerness, to serve under my old head surgeon, who promoted me, and who had been appointed to the *Cumberland*.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, 1864, with some companions, I visited a small town called Queenboro, and while walking along the main street heard the voices of children singing in the Sunday School. Attracted thereby, we stood in the middle

of the road and conversed much as follows:

"Say, George, bothered if that don't sound good."

"Yes, it does, Jack, and it reminds me of when I was a boy and went to Sunday School, for we used to sing that very same hymn there."

"Did you? Why, so used we," joined in Jem. "Ah, that was when we were good little boys," and Jem gave emphasis to the word good, as he spoke.

The children went on singing the well-known hymn:

"I think, when I read that sweet story  
of old,

When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to  
His fold,

I should like to have been with Him  
then."

We three young men stopped until the hymn was finished, and then resumed our ramble; but although the sound of the children's

voices soon died on our ears, they still lingered in the heart of at least one of our number.

"Say, George, old fellow," said Jack presently, "what's the matter with you? Why, you were all alive just now, jumping over those tombstones in the graveyard, and now you haven't anything to say."

"Well, Jack, I don't think that there is anything particular the matter with me in one way, but those children singing that old hymn have made me think of old times and of those who are gone, and it makes me feel bad to think how I've been 'carrying on' these past few years, and what the end is going to be."

"Why, Jem," cried Jack, "here's George, going to turn parson. I think we'd better call him 'Holy Joe' (a nickname for a ship chaplain) right off."

"Well, I'm blown if I wouldn't like to see him with a white choker on. Say, I suppose you'll cut us poor fellows now?" queried Jem.

"No, mates, I don't mean anything of that sort; but I'll tell you what I'm sure of; it would be better for all of us if we'd kept to the good old book."

"There you are, Jem. Didn't I tell you so? Don't you think he'd make a good parson?"

"Well, Jack, perhaps it would have been better for us all to stick to the old book for that matter," said Jem. "I know I'd have been a good deal better off now if I had, for I should have my position still, which I lost through the drink. But what's the good of crying over spilt milk? Let's go in and get a good glass of 'old Jamaica,' and bury the past."

"So say I, Jem," responded Jack. "Come on, George. Oh, I forgot, though. I suppose you're

too good for us fellows to associate with now?"

"No, Jack, old fellow, you ought to know me better than that. I'll go in with you, but I'm not going to take anything stronger than lemonade."

"Lemonade?" queried Jack. "Why, you'll get as lantern-jawed as a parson; besides, now, I'll show you a trick on that."

"Here, missus, give me a pint of ale, will you, and a bottle of lemonade for this fellow, and let's see, you'll have old Jamaica, Jem?"

"Yes, indeed, don't give me any of your watery stuff," responded Jem.

"Now, here you are, George, I'll show you where you come out on the lemonade business." So saying, Jack proceeded to pour out the bottle of lemonade, which only filled one glass, and cost fourpence (eight cents), while Jack's pint of ale only cost three pence and filled two glasses. The landlady joined Jack and Jem in the hearty laugh which followed the conclusive demonstration.

"Well," said she, "to think of a man-o'-war man turning teetotal! Why, who ever heard of such a thing? I should think you'd better take the young man home to his mother."

A reply was ready, but it failed expression at the mention of the last word "mother," and I finished my lemonade and left the house in silence. It was a sore trial, and my first, but God helped me to bear it.

The conversation that followed was not very interesting as the three of us resumed our walk. "Well," said Jack, "I shall give him a week to keep up this business, Jem."

"All right, Jack, I'll try it for

a week, anyhow, and see how I get on," I replied; "but, boys, I know I shan't be any the worse off for making the attempt."

Several years after the foregoing event took place I met the man who was superintendent of that Sunday School at that time. We were three hundred miles from Queenboro when we met; but he said, "Next Sunday is our anniversary, and I shall have something to tell them all," for they wouldn't hear of my not being there at the anniversary. Some day I hope to visit the old school, though I fear it may long ago have disappeared.

That night the writer did not, could not, sleep. The twenty-one years he had lived crowded upon his mind and kept him awake.

What would he have given to have heard the voice, or seen the face, of his beloved mother just once—she who died when he was a boy of thirteen. He had passed through the terrible experiences narrated previously, and his heart had remained unaffected, but now it seemed as if it would break. As on his knees, with many tears, he sought and obtained mercy, the thought came into his mind: "Oh! that mother could know of this change; what would I not give or do?" Then he remembered (yes, did not Jesus say, "He, the Spirit, shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you") the words of Him who had sought and saved him. "I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and a feeling of satisfaction stole over him as he reasoned: "Well, if that's true, and it must be, then there's joy over me; and if mother is in heaven, and I believe she is, she knows of the change. Could

not the Lord tell her of it," he thought, "for He knows how she has prayed, and He has answered her prayers," and it seemed a very natural conclusion to come to, and on this he rested, and still rests, looking forward to the day when mother and child shall meet again.

What a change was now experienced!

It was as when a tempestuous hurricane has swept all before it, and there follows in its wake "a great calm." Such was the inward experience of the writer, but he soon found that peace with God means war with sin and Satan, and while calm and quiet reign within, storms may, and often do, rage without.

He knew, or guessed pretty well, what he would have to face from his companions on board ship, and he was not wrong in his conclusions.

The news of my having turned "psalm singer" had preceded my arrival on board on Monday morning, and all my shipmates were on the lookout and anxious to see how I looked, little knowing how I felt. Arriving on board, the jeering began. "Hello, George, old fellow; say, they tell us you've been and got converted. Let's look at you. Hold up, old fellow, and give us a bit of a sermon, maybe you'd convert some of us. Try your hand! Only I'm thinking you'd have a tough job on me," said one.

The flame of persecution rose higher and higher as the "great change" became the talk of the one thousand men on board the ship. Often did the writer have to go down to his stateroom, in the hold of the vessel, to get wisdom and strength, and thus "obtain help from God" to stand it all.

For three months I had not a

single fellow Christian to go to, or to write to, on board the vessel or on shore. My poor father counted me as one gone mad, when in truth, as I felt, I had only just recovered my senses. All sorts of means were used to draw or to drive the new convert back again into the service of the old master, but, thank God, it was in vain.

One day one of my shipmates loaned me a lot of infidel tracts and copies of Bradlaugh's paper. The next day, during dinner hour, he asked me if I had done with them. I replied that I had. "Well, did you read them through?" "No," I replied. "I read all I wanted to." "Oh," he said, laughing, and thus drew the attention of others, who gathered around in a crowd. "Just as I thought; you were afraid if you read those bad books the devil would run away with you."

"Do you think so?" was the response. "Then I'll read every word in them before I give them back to you, if you'll let me."

"Oh, yes, but you'll soon find they'll knock all this religion out of you."

"Well, we'll see," was the rejoinder.

A large number of the crew having gathered around my assailant, who was a much older man than myself, he deemed it too good an opportunity to lose, and so "opened fire" on the young convert.

It was my first experience of the kind, but I was able to grapple with my assailant to the astonishment no less of myself than of our shipmates. Before "the change" I had for my "chum" a pronounced infidel, who tried hard to win me over, but after a long walk and talk one day on board the ship we ended up thus:

"Now, look here, Steve, I've heard all that you've got to say on your side, and the whole thing lies here: If you are right and I am wrong, I know this, I shall have had the best time in this world, and if there's nothing more, as you say, why I shan't have any time to repent my choice, shall I?"

"Well, I suppose not," was his reply. "But, Steve, suppose I am right and you are wrong, where will you be?"

There was no reply to this and we parted.

Strangely enough, Steve had to sneak out of that ship in the darkness of early morning, when his time of service had expired, because of the people who were after him for money due them; not, however, before he had turned upon his former chum and companion and had tried hard, but in vain, to get him "reduced" from the position he held.

Three years after (July, 1867), when I joined H. M. ship *Crocodile*, a new vessel employed on the Indian troop service, one of the first men I met on board was my old chum, Steve. But he was still the servant of Satan, and a few months later was tried by court-martial for robbery and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and was dismissed from the navy with disgrace after sixteen years of service.

He left a wife and young babe, and it was given to his old companion to aid them and really save them from starvation by getting up a subscription from his shipmates on their behalf.—*Geo. D. Dowkontt, M.D.*

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THEY who will not be ruled by the rudder will be ruled by the rock.—*Tennyson.*

## IS ALL WELL?

Travelling between New York and Jamaica, a few months ago, the steamer rolled to such an extent that the passengers were a good deal deprived of their sleep, as they were tossed from side to side of their berths, and in danger of being thrown out.

As we lay awake hour after hour we could hear the man on the look-out every half-hour crying out "All's well—lights burning bright." The voice came as a comfort to the ear, but it raised many thoughts in my mind as I lay wide awake in my berth.

It was January, and we had left New York with ice on the deck of the vessel, and had ploughed our way southward through rough waters and angry seas, with a cheerless sky over our heads. The weather was quickly becoming warmer as each day we travelled southward, wrap after wrap was thrown off, and all were charmed as we ran into smooth tropical seas and balmy weather.

We knew we were leaving cold, and winter, and storms behind, and running quickly into warmth, summer, and calm waters, and in a double sense the cry of the look-out was cheering to us. "All's well—lights burning bright."

But, as the cry was heard again and again, I could not help thinking of life's voyage and the end of that journey whose bourne is eternity.

In view of that could each of my fellow-passengers say "All's well—lights burning bright"? Could the gambling, drinking card players, who shuffled the pack, and puffed their pipes, and drank their whisky, and gambled their money each night of the voyage till midnight upstairs, say in view of eter-

nity, "All's well"? One's mind went back to New York with its teeming millions, to England with its tremendous population, and wondered how many could say gladly and truthfully, "All's well."

Can *you*? You are journeying across life's sea. The voyage may be getting near its end. As you track your way through a cold, cheerless and Christless world, we would liken it to the voyage of the soul. Are you leaving the storms and frost of this world for the "summer-land of song," for heaven, for home, where there is eternal peace, and calm and sunshine? Or are you heedlessly, carelessly plunging on without a look-out, without lights, through the dark night of your sin, to a darker eternity—a night without a morning—to hell, where the sun of hope never rises, where lies heavy as a funeral-pall the blackness of darkness for ever. Whither bound? To heaven or hell?

You may put off such pointed questions, but they will be forced upon your unwilling attention yet. Death and judgment inevitably lie before you. Sin must be punished. God is holy. Soon you will exchange time for eternity, and your poor body will await that thrilling moment when the voice of God shall call you forth to judgment to stand before the great white throne, spotless in its dazzling purity, with no blood of atonement upon it, where you will receive judgment for the deeds done in the body. Again we ask you, "Whither bound?"

At last our voyage was over, and as we landed at Kingston, Jamaica, our luggage was searched by the customs' official.

So, sinner, when you arrive on

eternity's shores you will be searched. How will you stand that ordeal? The whole of your guilty, godless, Christless life will be examined. The books will be opened. The question of all questions then will be: "How did you treat God's great salvation—accept it, or reject it?" "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Remember, you will be searched, and if you have no passport for glory, no blood-stained ticket of Calvary, there will be no entrance for you into the celestial city. If sin is found with you, hell must be your portion. You may bring the membership roll of your church and point out your name in it; you may even have an official place in it; you may have yards of the blue ribbon of temperance; you may have a long list of your good deeds; but if you have not Christ as your Saviour, and the blood for your pardon, all will be useless.

Oh! see to it reader, that your hope and trust is alone in Jesus, the Friend of sinners, the Saviour of the lost.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.) "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 13.) "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9.)—*A. J. P.*

### Hearing Under Water.

"Can you converse under water?" asked a gentleman of a diver.

"Yes; by lying down. You and your mate must lie down on your breast, or side by side, close, and in that position you'll hear one

another as easily as you and I can hear each other in this room."

"I suppose the sound is conveyed by the deck, or sand, or whatever you lie upon."

"Possibly. I only know it is true. When I found this out, I spoke to another diver about it, and he would not believe me. Well, one day, we happened to go down to a wreck together. I told him beforehand what position to put himself in; and after we had been at work sometime, we came together and lay down as agreed; and I said, 'Jim, are there any casks left in the forehold?' 'Heaps,' he answered right off. 'And so you can hear me?' said I. 'Ay,' he answered—'wonderful plain.' And with that he laughed, and so did I; and we heard each other's laugh just as we heard each other's words."

Now I want to speak of something very important to be done, and I am sure you will not be offended if I say "Go and do it." The something to be done is, "Talking with Christ."

This talking with Christ is something both blessed and necessary to be done. There must be a first, and all-important talking when you come to Him, and tell Him of your sinfulness and your sin, and your longing to be rid of it all—when, by the blessed power of the Holy Ghost, you ask Him to take all your sins upon Himself, and to cleanse you from it with His own blood.

If you have never had that great talk with Christ, have it to-day, for you know not what a day may bring forth.

And then there are many other important talks.

We want to make Him share in, we want to talk to Him about, all our sorrows, all our needs, all

our desires and hopes. There would not be any man in the world so lonely as the Christian, if he were forbidden to speak to Christ.

But how are we to do this? There are some, perhaps, who sincerely wish to talk with Christ, but they do not how—they are making mistakes about it. They think they will be heard for very loud crying, and that they are not able to cry loud enough.

Now, first of all, notwithstanding what you think your bad success, believing that you can so talk with Christ as to be heard—that you yourself, feeble as you are—perhaps, so to speak, little able to do more than whisper with a very feeble sound about your needs and desires—can yet so even whisper as to be heard.

And, in the next place, you must think a great deal more of Christ's ability to help than yours to cry.

Now you must get rid of all dependence upon anything in yourself, your power of loud crying among the rest. You have not been in the right position. You must, first of all, put yourself in position. You must, like our friend the diver, come down upon your breast. "It must be," said he, "on your breast, head to head, or side to side; but it must be on your breast." Come down low—as low as ever you can—the very humblest and most helpless position is the right one.

But you say, "Ah, what good will that do me by itself? Christ is in heaven; I must cry very loud for my petitions to reach Him there."

Ah, my friend, it is all beautifully settled for you and for me. May we realize and act on it more and more! Jesus humbled Himself unto death—even the death upon the cross. He became man

like yourself, only without sin; He put Himself, as it were, head to head, or side to side, near you—"close," as the diver said—"close—close." Keep fast to that word "close."

Christ, seeing that He so humbled Himself, is willing to come close to you. He would never tell you to cry to Him in such a way as you could not be heard. Be sure that you are very low. Be sure that Christ is stooping very low to listen, and if you call, He will hear.—*Rev. P. B. Power. M. A., in American Messenger.*

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### Say Your Prayers in Fair Weather.

A ship was in a storm. All hands were piped on deck. On mustering the men one was missing. He was known as a daringly wicked man. The captain went below to seek for him and found him on his knees, rapidly saying a prayer over and over again.

Vexed at what seemed his cowardly conduct, the captain shook him by the collar and cried, "Say your prayers in fair weather;" to which he replied in great terror, "The Lord grant that I may see fair weather again."

In a few hours the storm abated. The sailor never forgot the words of his captain, and by God's grace they led him to become a prayer-loving, pious, and useful man.

The captain was in one sense right: we should pray in fair weather; then shall we have confidence that the Lord will hear us also in the time of our distress and peril. It is, indeed, a strange thing that men can live at *any time* without prayer. Surely it is a great privilege and a reasonable duty to seek the mercy and blessing of our heavenly Father. Daily

wants, daily trials, and daily sins, demand of us daily prayers.

Does not God invite us to draw nigh to His throne of grace? Has He not promised to give us, if we ask it, His Holy Spirit to help us in our coming to Him? Is there not a way open to us through Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and men, through whom, by faith in Him, we can obtain remission of sin? Can we then remain prayerless, or satisfy ourselves with formal and heartless addresses to God?

Rather let us from this hour resolve to pray at all times—in the calm as well as in the storm, and to pray in sincerity and fervor; or a time may come when we shall call and He will not hear us; we shall seek and not find Him.—*Friendly Greetings.*

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### Looking for Harbors.

It is interesting to note how much of this life is spent in looking for harbors. I do not suppose there is anyone in the world who is not dreaming of the time when he may drop the active duties of his calling and quietly rest the remainder of his days. Lawyers, doctors, mechanics, farmers, editors, all fairly leaning out of the

window of this our storm-tossed life-bark, watching for the harbor lights telling of the peaceful waters into which we may at last drop anchor and bathe our souls in perfect rest. Sweet dream! Enchanting vision!

And yet the call is not toward this beautiful haven. "Go ye!" Where? "Into all the world." Does this sound like furling the sail or floating aimlessly about the harbor? Is it not rather the trumpet call to duty? But is there then no resting place in life? I believe that rest is only found in labor. Peace flees from him who sits with folded hands.

It is pleasant to run in with the tide, deliver our message and sit for an hour with those we love but the tide surely ebbs. Let us find us with cargo securely shipped, with anchor in place and sails ready to catch the breeze which shall waft us away on our errand of love, help and cheer for those about us. Harbors? They are useful only as places where we may get ready for another voyage. The ship which lies long at anchor will soon show decaying timbers. Out and away, then, for the other shore. There is no real haven this side of the Gloryland.—*E. L. Vincent, in New York Observer.*

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## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c

#### At Stations on the Foreign Field.

##### Germany.

###### HAMBURG.

From Mr. SHARPE's annual report:

The two English Churches again co-operated to provide the usual teas and entertainments at Christmas and New Year. The seamen attended in large numbers on each occasion, and the resi-

dents, both by their presence and their help, contributed largely to the enjoyment and success of the evenings.

More help is required for the Monday evening meetings, and we shall be gratified if our musical friends will show their sympathy by doing what they can to make these evenings a success.

Forty-eight signed the pledge during the year.

It is gratifying to be able to report the sustained usefulness of the Sunday teas, which are meeting a long felt need. These services have been well maintained throughout the year, and have been a means of blessing to many.

A very large number of ships coming to Hamburg have remained unvisited hitherto through lack of the best means of reaching them; and the work to be done in this respect is so great that it can only be accomplished successfully by the regular use of a launch. During the summer months the committee arranged for Mr. SHARPE to have the use of a launch twice a week; but not until the Institute possesses one of its own, will it be in a position to reach the large number of British and American sailors who come to this port, and who often frequent other places to their own hurt, whereas in the Institute they could pass a pleasant and profitable evening out of reach of harm. The committee trust, therefore, that those who have the welfare of the sailors and the usefulness of the Institute at heart will make it possible at an early date to purchase and maintain a launch.

The finances again show an improvement. The contributions from the ships have increased; the billiard table is a source of increasing profit; and the committee are happy to find themselves in a position to reduce their loan account. They desire to express their hearty thanks to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in London, and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in New York for their continued support; and also to the residents who in various ways have shown their interest in the work carried on at the Institute.

The following tables, which in nearly every instance show an increase on the previous year, prove that much is being done for our sailors in Hamburg, and that they are taking increased advantage of the benefits offered by the Institute. There is a slight decrease in the number of tracts and bundles of reading matter given away.

Number of ships visited, 1,676; general attendance of seamen, 13,145; attendance at Sunday services, 1,744, at teas, 808; letters written by seamen, 1,503, received, 961; visits paid to hospitals, 94, sick seamen thus looked after, 333; tracts distributed, 2,929; bundles of reading matter given away, 656.

It is to be noted with regret that a considerably larger number of seamen have been in the hospital than during the pre-

vious year, but they have been visited regularly by the port missionary, and also by several residents who have done gladly what was in their power to bring a little relief and sunshine to them in their pain and weakness.

The figures quoted above, though satisfactory, give but an inadequate idea of the work done during another year. The true and lasting work done by the Institute cannot be expressed in any tabulated returns. They are useful as showing what has been attempted in certain directions, and the extent to which the Institute is used; but for results we must look in other directions, and wait for them with patience. They are to be found in bad habits being broken and abandoned, in strenuous adhesion to worthier resolves, in the resolute following of higher ideals, in purified hearts and lives, in the loyal discharge of the duties of citizenship, in manifesting in all things the mind which was in Christ Jesus.

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## Italy.

### NAPLES.

The following is from the annual report of the Rev. T. JOHNSTONE IRVING:

I have nothing of an unusual nature to report of our work during the past year. It has gone on steadily from week to week. The missionary has had his disappointments, and he has had his encouragements. His audiences have been small when he had reason to hope they might have been large, and large sometimes beyond his expectation. Audiences on shore may be called free-will audiences. People go to church of their own impulse, and as a matter of course. It is different with the audience; that a harbor missionary secures. He has to go on board the ships and invite the men to come to his place of meeting, and even endeavor to get the men individually to promise to come. Then near the hour of meeting he goes round the ships again with his boats to bring the men off. One can imagine his disappointment when he finds—and it is not a rare experience—that in the interval between his visits many of the men have changed their minds, and he gets a mere handful instead of the large number he had good reason to expect. However, over against this there has to be put the fact that he sometimes finds that the two or three on a ship who had promised to come have been joined by others who

said they would not come. In harbor mission work, as in life generally, disappointments are balanced by encouragements.

It is next to impossible to speak of results in harbor mission work. From the nature of the case the missionary is a sower and not a reaper. He can but do his best to plant the good seed in hearts, and trust that God's providence will bring it under influences elsewhere such as will develop its growth. But proofs that good has been done are not altogether wanting. In every audience of sailors there is a percentage of true Christians, and these men, with the simple frankness that is so characteristic of sailors, speak out their gratitude for the good the service has done them. In such cases the privilege is ours of watering seed that has probably been sown elsewhere. Throughout the year I have preached in the Bethel once a fortnight; and some of the grateful words that were said to me in reference to my sermons and prayers made me feel very humble. I can never sufficiently admire the good behavior of our sailor audiences. They are so reverent and attentive. Each man has his Bible and follows closely while the Word of God is being read. And then to hear the energy of the singing when a hymn they know is given out! It is rare to find a sailor indulging in what is considered the venial fault of sleeping in church. I have seen an audience of sailors keep awake through a sermon that might have sent the angel Gabriel to sleep. Of course, it will be understood that I was one of the audience and not the preacher! An important part of our missionary's duty is his visits to our International Hospital. During the past year several seamen were in the hospital for long periods. Two of them died—one a captain who had a wife and family in Wales, and the other a young Scotch engineer. The latter belonged to the Free Church of Scotland, and very naturally sent for me when he got to know that there was a minister of his own church in Naples. I found the poor fellow very ill, and set about trying to be of help to him spiritually. I was looking for a suitable passage of the Bible to read to him when he put an end to my search by asking me to read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to him. I did so, and he repeated the verses after me, showing that he knew the chapter by heart. This was sufficient indication of the sort of man I had to do with, and my first visit was one of a number that were as hopeful

to me as they could possibly have been to him. It was very pathetic to listen to the poor fellow's earnest wishes that it might be God's will to give him strength to reach his home in Scotland. He felt sure that if he were in his mother's hands health would return to him. It was not to be. God took him to the best home of all. The captain was regularly visited by Mr. BELL, and he too died in faith.

We added very materially to the equipment of our mission by the purchase of a piano. For the success of our social evenings this instrument was indispensable. The grand object of our work is, of course, to bring men into saving relation to Christ, and therefore the preaching of the gospel is our work *par excellence*. But I am fully persuaded that our weekly social evening serves no mean purpose in our work. Many of the men *will* have amusement, and if we do nothing to provide them with it of a pure and ennobling kind they will find it for themselves of a gross kind. Many are found at our religious services who would not have been there but for the pleasant evening they spent with us socially. I am much obliged to the friends who furnished us with the money to purchase the piano. Most of all I am indebted to Mr. GUTTERIDGE, whose contribution covered nearly a third of the entire cost. To Mr. RAE, who selected the instrument for us when he was in England last summer, and took on himself all the trouble of seeing it through the custom-house, and transferring it to the Bethel, I express my best thanks. The Cunard Company most generously brought the piano to Naples free of charge.

I am thankful to say that all our friends have been faithful to us throughout the year. I express my best thanks to our lady collectors, and to Mrs. GUERRITORE for her valuable services as our organist. The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and the British and Foreign Sailors' Society deserve our sincere gratitude for the substantial grant of money.

Mr. BELL adds:

If it is impossible to give many details I may at least be permitted to assure the Christian public that the work of Christ is being done. Day after day ships are visited. Several times a week, all the year round, the gospel meetings are held in the Bethel and on board steamers. The sick and dying in our hospital receive a large share of our time and attention, and in innumerable ways the gospel is being brought

to bear upon our seamen. We have made known to the sailors, and others with whom we have had to do, the gospel that is the power of God unto salvation, and we have prayed, and still pray, that the Holy Spirit may use those gospel proclamations to convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, and lead them to the Saviour. I thank all who have assisted me in the great and good work. I cannot say how much I owe to the Rev. Mr. IRVING, our superintendent, for the help he has given me by his counsel, and by preaching so often in the Bethel, and to the little band of Christian workers who are never absent from the Bethel meetings. I should like to mention by name all who have assisted us by their money, their work, and their prayer. But that is impossible. Their work of faith, and their labors of love are known to the Master, and I feel sure they shall have their reward.

Meetings held in Bethel, 146, on board ships, 22; visits to ships, 1,850, to hospital, 140; tracts, magazines and books distributed, 8,200, Bibles and Testaments, 15; temperance pledges taken, 23; attendance at meetings, 4,700; letters received and posted for sailors, 350.

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## India.

### BOMBAY.

The Rev. F. Wood writes on July 4:

Number of ships in port since last statement, 157; religious services held in chapel, 26; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 54, of others, 10; religious visits to hospitals, 13, on ships, 371; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 40, tracts, &c., 375.

### KARACHI.

The Rev. W. H. DOWLING writes on July 26:

This has been a blessed half year to our souls, and we have witnessed much of God's power to save souls. Truly His presence has been with us and many will praise God for the little Seamen's Rest in Keamari. We have had many kind friends to help us this year, some who have taken a great interest in the welfare of our seamen. Judge JACOB, who is a Christian, gave the seamen in port a good tea; about forty sat down, and after doing justice to the things provided for them, Captain PRAUCE, R. N., gave them a good ad-

dress on Ps. cvii: 23, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." Shortly after this we had another interesting tea and meeting given by our Keamari Bible Class. After tea Mrs. BALL gave our seamen a flag service which was listened to with great attention.

Last Thursday was rather a solemn day for us, as we had to lay one of the men of the S. S. *Tokio* beneath the sod. After returning from the cemetery all men came to the Rest, where we had a soul-stirring time, and two found peace with God.

We ask your prayers on our loan libraries which we have started this year, but have not been able to get very far as yet; three libraries are out up to the present, but we are greatly in need of books.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 1, all others, 150; religious services held in chapel, 60, on shipboard, 1, elsewhere, 6; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 60, of others, 20; religious visits to hospitals, 12, on ships, 300, in prison, 6; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 250, tracts, &c., 1,500 to 2,000.

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## Japan.

### YOKOHAMA.

The Rev. W. T. AUSTEN writes on July 16:

I have been kept very busy, being single handed now during the absence of Mrs. AUSTEN. I was able to be of some little service at the funeral of the late captain of the U. S. S. *Olympia*, the *Gleaner* being used to tow the boat containing the body to the landing where the funeral cortege was waiting. Our religious services have been well attended and a great deal of interest shown; within the past fortnight we have had at least a dozen American and English sailing vessels in port at one time. I have been heartily welcomed on all, and trust the fruit of my labor will be seen at the great day.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 14, all others, 326; religious services held in chapel, 27, on shipboard, 5, in hospital, 8, elsewhere, 12; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 13; religious visits to hospitals, 42, on ships, 588, in boarding houses, 91; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 19, bundles of selected reading, 72.

A large number of petty officers and seamen of H. M. S. *Powerful*, numbering over one hundred, left for Tokyo yesterday by the 8.47 train, under the guidance of the chaplain of the Seamen's Mission, for a day's picnic. On arrival at Shimbashi, a long line of jinrickshas was seen just outside the station, each with a piece of red bunting as a distinguishing mark. They were soon boarded by the jolly tars, and a start was made in "single line ahead" for Shiba. After a visit to the bazaar and the temples the signal was made "proceed to Uyenno, via the palace enclosure." After lunch, which was laid in the large upper room of the Seiyoken restaurant, the museum and the panorama of the war were visited, the remainder of the afternoon being spent at Asakusa.

On returning to Yokohama by the 5 40 train the party proceeded in jinrickshas to the Seamen's Mission, where tables were found laid for supper. The evening was then given up to the enjoyment of a capital musical entertainment. A hearty vote of thanks to the chaplain being moved, seconded, and carried by acclamation, "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen" were sung, and a red-letter day was ended. The mission launch carried the party, excepting those on leave, to and from the *Powerful*.

#### KOBE.

Mr. ED. MAKEHAM writes on July 19:

I have the honor to report my arrival here and that I have to day entered upon my duties as missionary to the American and English seamen frequenting this port.

I find the Institute is in great demand and much appreciated. The boat used by my predecessor has unfortunately been destroyed in the late tempestuous weather, but I am in hopes of obtaining a new one during the course of the next few days, and to commence the regular visitation of the vessels in the bay.

#### Chile, S. A.

##### VALPARAISO.

The Rev. FRANK THOMPSON writes on July 26:

The attendance on our Sabbath service is not as large as in former days, owing to a less number of sailing vessels arriving here. Although the attendance has

been smaller, the spiritual interest manifested has been most encouraging. This has been specially noticeable also among the sick in the hospitals, although we have had no cases of fatal illness. A pleasant feature of the last quarter was to see several shipmasters who took an unusual interest in their men and apprentices, coming regularly in the same boat to Sunday morning service. These same masters hold service on Sundays at sea, and the men attend well and enjoy it, though attendance is not obligatory. On board the British gunboat *Leander* the chief engineer holds two voluntary services a week, which are attended by nearly the entire crew, and they enjoy them thoroughly. Mr. WALLIN assured me that if a meeting was omitted for any cause, the men were very much disappointed. So it would appear that it is by no means impracticable to hold services at sea, if a man of the right spirit is on board.

Chile is passing through a financial crisis, such as has never before been experienced here, the government is seriously embarrassed financially and the banks are unable to relieve the situation, and the apprehension of coming war with the Argentine Republic seriously complicates affairs. Commerce is flat, and the result is that we have not nearly the amount of shipping which in former years was common to this port. Thus far, however, the mission has incurred no debts. We give grateful thanks to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for all the assistance which it so generously gives us, and which is really the life of our Society.

I am supplying Iquique and Talcahuano with tracts and Scriptures for distribution in those ports through the kindness of Mr. MUNSTER, of Belfast, Ireland, and the Trinitarian Bible Society, London.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 1, all others, 245; religious services held in Bethel, 13, in hospital, 12, elsewhere, 14; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 28, of others, 8; religious visits to hospital, 16, on ships, 148, in boarding-houses, 16; Bibles distributed, 1, Testaments, 12, gospels, 25, portions, 26, tracts, 880, papers, 210, magazines, 22, books, 11.

#### Argentine Republic.

##### ROSARIO.

Capt. F. ERICSSON writes on July 13:

The attendance at our services has been very irregular, sometimes there will be

forty present, while at other times there are only ten, but this is principally owing to the number of ships in the harbor, and then we have an English Church and also an American Methodist Church here, where they hold evening services at the same time as we, and as a number of sailors attend the church as well as the Salvation Army meetings, I think we may call the attendance fairly satisfactory.

We have had some nice times among our seafaring friends, and I have seen some of them very willing to listen to the Word of God, and I sincerely believe that many of them desired to live for the Lord.

I am sorry to say it has been my duty several times during the last quarter to get the help of the authorities in behalf of poor sailors who had fallen into the hands of the runners, but I have found that the sailors are not only afraid of losing their effects but also their lives, and are only too glad to do what the runners tell them. It will be a good thing for the sailors when the authorities find out the tricks the sharks play them, and although they always help the sailors to get their rights, it is hard to get sailors to believe that there is any person in this country who has got an interest in them.

In the last Magazine I received from you I read in Mr. HEDSTROM's report from Stockholm that he has been to Tjocko and Nabbo, and that a multitude of people have been converted to God there. That is the very place where I spent my youth, and where I first learned to know

about the Lord's love to me, and where I last had the opportunity to preach the blessed gospel, and from there have received very encouraging letters about the conversion of two of my brothers-in-law, and besides them many of our relations as well as our friends are among the converted.

Fifty-six boarders have been received during the quarter, 36 services held, 137 ships visited, 27 visits to hospitals and prisons, and about 6,000 magazines and tracts distributed.

From the annual report:

It has been noticed for some years that large steamers have been gradually taking the place of sailing vessels and this has been particularly the case during the past year. As these steamers each carry as much as several sailing vessels and only remain in port a short time, the Sailors' Home has of course suffered as regards the number of men using it.

On the other hand the Home is a necessity as a check on the crimps and boarding masters who otherwise would have it all their own way and fleece poor Jack to their hearts' content.

By referring to the treasurer's report it will be seen that the amount received for boarders, etc., during last year was \$3,991.77, while the housekeeping accounts amount to \$3,651.57. The amount though smaller than of late years, for the reasons already given, shows well for the economy with which the Home is now conducted.

## At Ports in the United States.

### Massachusetts.

#### GLOUCESTER.

The Rev. E. C. CHARLTON writes on September 1:

The religious services have been somewhat interrupted during the summer owing to a severe attack of the grip in the spring, from which I have been slow in recovering. I was unable to give my usual energy to the work until after my voyage to the Banks in my mission schooner. This voyage was profitable both to myself and others. There, I was more firmly convinced than ever, is the most hopeful field of missionary work among fishermen, though my schooner proved too small for practical work, but I hope soon to have one of about one hundred tons, as I originally advocated.

Our Bethel services, as you will observe by the report, have not been largely at-

tended, yet they have been spiritual and helpful, and I have reason to believe that some wanderers have been led back to God and home.

The outlook for an excellent fall and winter's work is good, and I trust that this may be a more fruitful season than any previous year.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 8, all others, 8; religious services held in chapel, 65, in mission schooner, 20, elsewhere, 8; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 10, of others, 14; religious visits to hospitals, 4, on ships, 100, in boarding-houses, 100; large quantities of tracts, &c., distributed.

#### BOSTON.

Extracts from chaplain S. S. NICKERSON's sixteenth annual report:

Every Lord's day during the year services have been held in the chapel. The gospel has been preached both morning and evening. These meetings have been well attended; the sailors have devoutly knelt in prayer; they have joined heartily in hymns of praise, and given excellent attention to the preaching. During the winter the storms made sad havoc of ships, causing a fearful loss of life. The storm blizzard of January 31 and February 1 caused the wreck of many vessels, and the loss of seamen was appalling; one sailor's coat washed up on Nahant Beach. In the pocket a ticket inviting the sailor to one of your "sailors' suppers" was found. Thank God many while on shore this winter have confessed their sins, and gone out to sea to lead a Christian life.

We are glad that many of our sailors have cheerfully enlisted in the navy. We know they are brave, and if occasion requires will die at the guns in honor of "Old Glory" and America, the land of their birth or adoption. The converted sailors will now do much good, and the good seed you have been scattering through your missionaries will now bear fruit. Let us continue to "throw out the life-line," for

"Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,  
Soon will we drift to that fair Eden shore,  
Then in the dark hour of death may it be  
That Jesus will throw the life-line to thee."

At the chapel we have formed an Independent Order of Good Templars. They meet in the Bo's'n's locker every Monday night. Many sailors have become members. It is surprising how quickly these men begin to save money when they become teetotalers.

Concerts have been sustained nearly every week by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in Boston and vicinity. The sailors have had many pleasant evenings on shore, and many have been induced to begin a life of sobriety; four hundred and ninety-three seamen have signed the temperance pledge at these concerts, and put on the white ribbon.

Every Wednesday evening the Floating Endeavor Society holds a meeting. These meetings have been exceedingly interesting and profitable; twenty-four Christian Endeavor Societies, at different times, have attended these meetings and led them. There are forty-five active members and seven associate. Seventeen have joined the society this year. On the ab-

sent list we have nineteen members. At every consecration meeting, held the last Sunday evening of each month, letters are read by Miss FRINK from sailor members. If any are skeptical about the sincerity of sailor conversions, I ask them to read these letters; they are kept on file.

Every Thursday evening the Sewing Circle have had a supper, and all destitute hungry sailors have been bountifully fed.

At 7.30 p. m. Miss GEORGIE F. PERRY has had a choir rehearsal to which the sailors are invited; there are twenty-five members in the chorus. Miss PERRY has organized out of the choir a mixed quartet, a male quartet, and a female trio. Miss LUCY R. COVELL, soprano and soloist, has been sent to us this second year. Her salary is paid by the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society.

The services of Miss COVELL are helpful and appreciated. We desire to thank the president and members of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society for her continued service. Miss PERRY has not only been devoted to music, training her chorus to sing sacred music, but has been instrumental in God's hands of leading some of the members to Christ. There is quite a religious life among all the members which adds interest and power to our Sunday night services. Miss CLARA L. SHEDD has been the organist Sunday evenings during the winter. She is paid by the Seamen's Congregational Church. Mrs. S. E. DOWNING still presides at the piano, a place she has held for sixteen years. She has probably sung with more sailors than any other woman in New England.

Every Friday evening there is a prayer meeting led by the chaplain; here the sailor is encouraged to tell of his Christian life. In these meetings the sailor has opportunity to sing to his heart's content, and tell the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." These Christian testimonies are rich in faith and spirit. At the close of these meetings we all gather around the altar, saint and sinner; on our knees we thank our Father in heaven for His bountiful kindness and implore His forgiveness of sins.

Every day, excepting Saturday, Miss MARY E. FRINK, the missionary, aided in the singing by Miss G. F. PERRY, holds a prayer-meeting at 10.30 a. m. Here the missionaries come in close touch with the sailor. Many a man of the sea can look back in the history of his life and thank God for that sacred morning

hour of song and prayer. From that morning prayer-meeting men often go out to go on board their ships, and sail to all parts of the sea. "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me," is a favorite song which they sing in faith.

During the fall and winter months, at 2.30 p. m., Miss PERRY sings with the sailors, and at 3 o'clock Miss FRINK teaches the seamen from the Bible. The men are always respectful and attentive. The rest of the day is employed in correspondence or personal talks with men. Stormy days when the men are tired of reading the missionaries bring out the corn-poppers, and to the delight of Jack entertain the sailors with what one sailor called "busted corn." We all endeavor to make the chapel an everyday, home-like, Christian home to the "toiler on the deep" who may cast anchor in our harbor for a brief stay. The work of Miss FRINK at the hospital cannot be too highly commended; in her the sailor finds a friend in the hour of sore distress.

When sailor suppers are given it is a red-letter day for the sailor. Salt beef, salt pork, pea soup, and hard-tack are forgotten. For a week previous they have visions of cold turkey, roast beef, boiled tongue, cakes, pies, fruits and sometimes ice cream. The sailor knows a good thing when he sees it. When seated at the tables in the chapel he needs no second invitation to "lay to" and "clear the board."

God bless the churches for remembering the social needs of the sailor.

#### SUMMARY OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

Total number attending Sunday services, 13,442, seamen attending Sunday, 8,440; attending Monday evening temperance meeting, 1,664, seamen attending Monday evening temperance meeting, 742; attending Tuesday evening concerts, 7,321, seamen attending concerts, 4,644; attending Wednesday and Friday night prayer-meeting, 5,312, seamen attending Wednesday and Friday night prayer-meeting, 3,241; attending every morning prayer-meeting, 2,660, seamen attending, 2,060; seamen attending everyday Bible class, 1,325; requests for prayer in all meetings, 740; visits of seamen to reading-room, 12,720; letters written by seamen, 4,320, letters received for seamen, 3,200; visits to boarding-houses, 3,840, on ships and docks, 7,680; comfort bags given, 1,200; sailors signing temperance pledge, 607; sailors entertained at sailors'

suppers, 1,100; total number of persons attending all services and reading-room, 49,119, of seamen, 34,372.

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### New York.

#### SAILORS' HOME.

Capt. W. DOLLAR writes on September 10:

In spite of the warm weather we have had a fair attendance at our meetings, not without some good being done. Other outside work, such as visiting the sick sailors in the hospitals, tract distributing, letter writing, sending money orders to sailors' friends, and speaking a word in season, has not been neglected.

Since our dear and esteemed brother Wood has gone to his rich reward, I have had the pleasure of speaking to some of the men of the navy at the Cob Dock services, in which he labored so earnestly and with great results amongst that class of men. Brother Wood trained the sailors at the opening of the service to repeat the twenty-third psalm, giving thus to each man a treasure far above gold or silver. In conversation with these men I found out, the war with Spain being now over, that about four or five hundred of these men were to be discharged, so that I would never see again some of them. I prayed to the Lord that He would deliver me from self and give me the message He wanted me to deliver to these men, as I will some day have to stand face to face with them at the judgment seat of Christ. May the Master say "he has done what he could."

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### Alabama.

#### MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on August 2:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 6, all others, 23; religious services held in chapel, 9, in hospital, 42; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 6, of others, 8; religious visits to hospital, 19, on vessels, 86, in boarding-houses, 3; Bibles distributed, 4, magazines, papers, some books, and German, Norwegian and English tracts; 44 requests for special prayer.

It will be observed that very many services were held at the Marine Hospital. These were often very encouraging. Be-

sides the fact of so many asking for prayer, two were converted, giving unmistakable evidence of a happy change of heart. A third died without evidence satisfactory to himself, but with tears of penitence coursing down his emaciated cheeks. Surely these tears were not shed in vain. These hospital services, and those at the chapel also, were attended with the blessing of God and will be long remembered.

The monthly entertainment was especially fine and many tars were there to enjoy it. The excessive heat of the weather did not prevent the good Christian women from taking the care and trouble incident to the occasion. As usual, several hungry sailors were fed by kind-hearted restaurateurs, called upon for the purpose by the chaplain, and a quantity of literature was donated to the reading room. One firm contributed eighteen pen-holders.

Also on September 2:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 3, all others, 33; religious services held in chapel, 7, in hospital, 39; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 5, of others, 18; religious visits to hospital, 16, on ships, 105, in boarding-houses, 4; Bibles distributed, 7 (3 Norwegian and 4 English), many Norwegian tracts, and magazines and papers. There were 41 special requests for prayer.

Although the month of August is usually the duller month in the year, yet the report shows much work accomplished. In addition to what is comprehended in the above summary, we might specify the number of hungry seamen fed, and by whom; the magazines and newspapers given to the reading-room; the quantity of note paper donated; the marked success of the monthly concert, and the dollar contributed so frequently by a friend to help out the door receipts.

The chaplain has had the sad duty of officiating at the burial of a sea captain, who was drowned while attempting to board his vessel at night. General testimony was borne as to his integrity and faithfulness as an officer. His wife and two little children had been visiting him while in port, and only a day or two before his untimely end they had started for their distant home, leaving him in perfect health, but before completing half the journey the dreadful news was telegraphed to them. A number of sea captains were present at the obsequies, and their serious and thoughtful countenances betokened not only deep sympathy for the widow and fatherless, but a realization of the uncertainty of life.

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## Oregon.

PORTLAND.

The Rev. A. ROBINSON writes on August 1:

Our services have been well attended, considering that this is our slack time, when we have but few ships in port. Some of our services have proved precious in results. Father FLETCHER reports having distributed 1,730 papers, 1,389 pages of tracts, 286 magazines, 169 cards, 63 calendars, and comfort bags; he frequently visits the hospitals, and is rarely absent from religious services. We are looking forward to a prosperous time in the near future, as sixty deep water grain ships are bound for this port to load this year's wheat.

I regret to say that the crimps have things too much their own way here. In spite of all we have been doing, public sentiment is not strong for the protection of seamen. Several days ago Mr. QUACKENBUSH (our president) invited Father FLETCHER and myself to a conference with the "Seamen's Abuse Committee," appointed by the Board of Trade. Many difficulties were presented, but nothing satisfactory reached.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 6, all others, 20; religious services held in chapel, 24, elsewhere, 4; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 28, of others, 22; religious visits to hospitals, 12, on ships, 30; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 47, comfort bags, 44, tracts, &c., one package to each outbound ship.

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## Washington.

SEATTLE.

The Rev. THOMAS REES writes on August 1:

There has been quite a falling off in the volume of shipping, steamers are still on the Alaska route to the Klondike, but while these count in the number of ships they do not add much to the number of seamen attending our services. They are at work all days alike, taking on or putting off freight, and it is difficult to reach them even with reading matter, but we

have had five sailor conversions for the month and eighteen others, some very notable ones. One sailor came forward drunk; I must say I did not expect anything to come from it, but he meant business and he was converted and is living a happy Christian life to-day. Forty-four have risen for prayers, some of them may be converted, but are not counted; nine sailors signed the Endeavor pledge at the close of the service on the cutter *Grant* yesterday, and will form quite an Endeavor Society on this ship. I was at Port Blakely once; there were six ships there. The meetings in the Bethel, though not quite so large, have been spiritual and reviving, and it has been an occasion on our part for continued prayer. May God help us. Our hopes and fears, oppositions and persecutions, remain with Him whose we are and whom we serve.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 16, all others, 1; services held in Bethel, 31, on board ship, 1; average attendance of seamen, 6, of others, 50; visits to ships, 40, to boarding-houses and sick rooms, 8, to hospitals, 4; Bibles distributed, 2, tracts, 250.

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## California.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

The Rev. J. ROWELL writes in his annual report:

It is a delight to watch the clean, conscientious life of really converted seamen. They quit their old resorts and companionships, and openly cast in their lot with God's people, and they are generally ready, in public and private, to own their allegiance to Christ. Many of them put on the Christian Endeavor badge and wear it whenever they appear in public. They glory in the cross of Christ, and are glad to have it known that they belong to Him. One of them found Christ in one of our meetings, put on this badge and went aboard his ship. His mates spied the badge, and one called out "Hallo! Jim has gone and got converted!" The reply was calm but firm, "Yes, boys, that is just so," and all of them saw that the matter was settled.

Another young man was converted in one of our meetings, went aboard his ship and announced the fact to his shipmates. Little was said that night, but when the morning meal was brought in he found

that something unusual was in the wind, for all of the men sat in silence refusing to eat. He was surprised, and asked "Boys, what does this mean?" Then one of them answered, "See here, old fellow, if you are a Christian you have got to ask a blessing on our meals. And you must lead prayer-meetings on this ship. If you are going to be a Christian, we will make you toe the mark." It was not a bad thing for him that his mates had a good idea of how a Christian ought to live.

Another who left port soon after his conversion writes from a distant city: "I do all I can to save and bring my shipmates to Christ for salvation, for I have been a very bad man before. You know that a sailor's life is a very hard one sometimes. I have been thinking that it was impossible for a sailor to serve God, but now I see that there is nothing impossible with God. At the age of twelve I went to sea, and never had any good advice until the night that I went to your service."

Another writes, "I have given my heart to God. To-day I do not believe there is a man who goes to sea that has been so great a sinner as I have been. I was the worst swearer in the whole crew. I wrote to one of my shipmates to-day telling him that I have given my heart to Christ. I am going to ship to-morrow and I hope that I shall be able to do some good among my shipmates."

And this is just the kind of religion that we expect to see in our converted seamen,—frank, hearty and aboveboard. A sailor is either an out and out Christian, or an out and out sinner. That sneaking, covered conventional piety that may be seen elsewhere, could not live at sea, for it would soon be knocked out of its cowardly possessor. But the man that wears his religion outside, knows that even the most wicked of his shipmates respect him for it. . . . .

And what a fit time for deep interest in the salvation of seamen is this on which we have fallen. Just now the eyes of the whole world are turned on the doings of the seamen that represent this great Christian land. There is our own battle ship *Oregon*. Our young people went aboard her again and again, while lying in this port, held meetings, and organized a band of Christian Endeavorers of seventeen which grew to twenty-two, most of whom proved genuine converts, and witnessed a good confession among these hundreds of ungodly shipmates.

When the ship was ordered around the Horn to aid the Eastern squadron, one more farewell meeting was planned, but at the appointed time for holding it, she had turned her bows toward the Golden Gate and had started on her way to battle. Our prayers followed her while enemies were plotting her destruction on this and on the Eastern coasts, and God cared for her safety. It may be that while we are met here in God's house, those dear brethren are in the smoke and thunder of battle, perhaps killed or maimed and bleeding beside their guns. But we know they are not hiding from duty and death, nor are less bold and faithful in time of peril, because they are the sworn disciples of the Prince of Peace. God grant us to see their dear faces again, but if this is not to be it will be forever a joy that before they were called to die, it was our privilege to lead them to that Saviour with whom they will forever reign.

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### Book Notice.

CAPTAIN ANTLE, THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.  
By Charles Mortimer. Boston. Damrell & Upham.

Captain ANTLE seems like a sketch from real life, and it is certain that the conditions of his life as a missionary to seamen are familiar to the author who painted his portrait. The story begins with the captain's career as a master-mariner, violent in temper, ready with "a word and a blow," yet fair and even kind to men who did their duty. He is converted, becomes what might be called a tremendous Christian, and gives his life to work among seamen and others. As a worker outside of the churches he attracts the attention and admiration of preachers and priests; but the question of his churchless position troubles his mind, and is finally settled by his uniting with the church, much to his own comfort and peace.

The book is bright and telling; worthy of a place in Sunday School libraries; and it will do good to all who read it.

### The Planets for October, 1898.

MERCURY will not be visible.

VENUS will be still very conspicuous in the evening; will approach the Sun, but will not reach greatest actual brightness till October 27.

MARS will be visible in the latter half of the night; not conspicuous, but growing brighter.

JUPITER will not be visible.

SATURN will be visible very low in the south-west just after sunset.

Princeton.

T. R.

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### Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

AUGUST, 1898.

Total arrivals..... 134

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### Receipts for August, 1898.

#### CONNECTICUT.

Bristol, bequest of S. Emerson Root, late of Bristol, Conn., per Edward E. Newell, executor..... \$500 00  
Mount Carmel, Congregational Ch.... 11 08  
Plainfield, First Congregational Ch.. 2 50

#### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, bequest of the late Emeline C. Buck, of Brooklyn, N. Y., per Daniel Barnes, executor..... 5,000 00  
Chazy, Mrs. M. A. Mygatt..... 5 00  
New York City, J. Hooker Hamersley, for three libraries..... 60 00  
Miss Delia K. Hallock, for library.. 20 00  
Mrs. D. C. Blair, for library..... 20 00  
Miss Ellen Collins..... 15 00  
Tarrytown, Mrs. Elbert B. Monroe, of which \$4. to be applied toward any special work connected with U. S. Cruisers, Transports or Hospital Ships, and \$20 toward the Nagasaki Mission, Japan..... 60 00

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, for a loan library from Jesus' Little Lambs, Primary Department of Olivet Presbyterian Church..... 20 00

#### INDIANA.

Rockville, Mrs. Margaret Digby Rice, for John Digby Library No. 3.... 20 00

\$5,733 56

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

## REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1898.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1, 1898, was 10,479; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 12,315; the total shipments aggregating 22,784. The number of volumes in these libraries was 557,685, and they were accessible, by shipment and reshipment, to 398,215 men. Ten hundred and twenty-three libraries, with 36,985 volumes, were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 118,240 men. One hundred and fifty-six libraries were placed in one hundred and fifty-six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 6,072 volumes, accessible to twelve hundred and eighty-one Keepers and Surfmen.*

### JUNE, 1898.

During June, 1898, twenty-four loan libraries were sent out. Of these ten were new, and fourteen were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 10,490 and 10,498-10,506, inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows:

| <i>No of<br/>Library.</i> | <i>By whom furnished.</i>  | <i>Where placed.</i>   | <i>Bound for.</i>   | <i>Men in<br/>Crew.</i> |
|---------------------------|--|------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 10490.                    | Army Committee of Y. M. C. A. of New Jersey.....   | U. S. S. Badger.....   | Santiago.....       | 240                     |
| 10498.                    | Miss N. T. Durfee, of Binghamton, N. Y., in memory of her mother, and to be known as the "N. T. Durfee Library"..... | Ship Glooscap.....     | Manila.....         | 26                      |
| 10499.                    | South Church Sunday School of New Britain, Conn.....   | " St. Francis.....     | Honolulu .....      | 28                      |
| 10500.                    | Union Church Sunday School of Newburgh, N. Y., as "Helen Lefferts Prime Memorial Library".....                       | Bark Missetoe.....     | Santos, Brazil..... | 14                      |
| 10501.                    | Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Sunday School of New York City.....   | U. S. S. Topeka.....   | Santiago.....       | 195                     |
| 10502.                    | Mary M. S. Spaulding, of Groton, Mass., in memory of her husband, Miles Spaulding.....                               | U. S. S. Columbia..... | Santiago.....       | 396                     |
| 10508.                    | Miss Emma Bogardus, of New York City, in memory of Mrs. Mary A. Bogardus.....  | Bark Freeman.....      | New Zealand.....    | 20                      |

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

| <i>No. of<br/>Library.</i> | <i>By whom furnished.</i>  | <i>Where placed.</i>    | <i>Bound for.</i> | <i>Men in<br/>Crew.</i> |
|----------------------------|--|-------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 10504..                    | Miss Emma Bogardus of New York<br>City.....  | Bark Howard D. Troop..  | Hong Kong.....    | 24                      |
| 10505..                    | Miss Helena P. Bulkley, of Southport,<br>Conn., for the Helena P. Bulkley Fund<br>Libraries..... | " Alice.....            | New Zealand.....  | 14                      |
| 10506..                    | " " " " "  | Ship S. D. Charlton.... | Hong Kong.....    | 28                      |

The fourteen libraries reshipped were:

|       |        |        |        |
|-------|--------|--------|--------|
| 8,809 | 9,874  | 10,101 | 10,271 |
| 9,168 | 9,956  | 10,141 | 10,387 |
| 9,306 | 9,996  | 10,224 |        |
| 9,779 | 10,043 | 10,259 |        |

## JULY, 1898.

During July, 1898, twenty-two loan libraries were sent out. Of these ten were new, and twelve were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 10,507-10,516 inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows :

| <i>No. of<br/>Library.</i> | <i>By whom furnished.</i>  | <i>Where placed.</i>                  | <i>Bound for.</i>  | <i>Men in<br/>Crew.</i> |
|----------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 10507..                    | Miss M. L. Ackerman, of New York<br>City.....  | U. S. S. Glacier .....                | Porto Rico .....   | 80                      |
| 10508..                    | " " " " "  | U. S. S. Supply.....                  | Santiago.....      | 80                      |
| 10509..                    | Dr. E. P. Hoyt, of New York City.....  | U. S. S. Almeria.....                 | Santiago.....      | 80                      |
| 10510..                    | Miss Helena P. Bulkley, of Southport,<br>Conn., for the Helena P. Bulkley Fund<br>Libraries..... | Ship Paramita.....                    | Hong Kong .....    | 20                      |
| 10511..                    | " " " " "  | Bark Gerard C. Tobey..                | San Francisco..... | 20                      |
| 10512..                    | " " " " "  | U. S. S. City of Washing-<br>ton..... | Cuba.....          | 70                      |
| 10513..                    | Mrs. Robert Peele, of East Orange, N.<br>J., in memory of John Newton Bald-<br>win.....          | Ship Berlin.....                      | Amoy.....          | 22                      |
| 10514..                    | Mrs. Robert Peele, of East Orange, N.<br>J., in memory of Artemus Newton<br>Baldwin.....         | Bark Calburga.....                    | Montevideo .....   | 22                      |
| 10515..                    | Miss Katherine Hoffman, of New York<br>City, in memory of her sister, Anna'A.<br>Hoffman.....    | " Adam W. Spies ....                  | Buenos Ayres.....  | 18                      |
| 10516..                    | James H. Towle, of Haverhill, N. H...  | " N. B. Morris .....                  | Rio Janeiro.....   | 14                      |

The twelve libraries reshipped were:

|       |       |        |        |
|-------|-------|--------|--------|
| 5,996 | 9,136 | 9,976  | 10,253 |
| 9,069 | 9,916 | 10,216 | 10,339 |
| 9,128 | 9,926 | 10,219 | 10,371 |

# QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

AUGUST, 1898.

During August, 1898, twenty-two loan libraries were sent out. Of these ten were new, and twelve were old ones refitted and reshipped, just as good as new. The new libraries were Nos. 10,517-10,526 inclusive. Assignments of these libraries have been made as follows :

| <i>No. of Library.</i> | <i>By whom furnished.</i>  | <i>Where placed.</i>                  | <i>Bound for.</i>  | <i>Men in Crew.</i> |
|------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| 10517..                | Edwin Stone, of New York City.....   | U. S. S. Celtic.....                  | Porto Rico.....    | 106                 |
| 10518..                | Estate of the late Rev. L. H. Pease, of West Winsted, Conn .....                                       | Bark Star of the East...              | New Zealand.....   | 14                  |
| 10519                  | Miss M. I. Lockwood, of New London, Conn., for the H. L. L. Memorial Library.....                      | U. S. S. Panther.....                 | Cuba .....         | 250                 |
| 10520..                | Edwin Stone, of New York City.....   | U. S. Transport Cherokee, No. 4 ..... | Santiago .....     | 40                  |
| 10521..                | A friend, of Athens, Pa., in memory of Chas. F. Maurice, to replace library No. 9,930 lost at sea..... | Ship I. F. Chapman.....               | San Francisco..... | 28                  |
| 10522..                | Edwin Stone, of New York City.....   | U. S. Hospital Ship Missouri .....    | Santiago.....      | 90                  |
| 10523..                | " " " " " " " " " " " "  | Bark W. B. Flint. ....                | Mauritius.....     | 14                  |
| 10524..                | " " " " " " " " " " " "  | Ship McLaurin .....                   | China.....         | 21                  |
| 10525..                | Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as "Mother Cuyler Library".....                          | Bark Sachem.....                      | Shanghai.....      | 18                  |
| 10526..                | Reformed Church of Piermont, N. Y..  | Ship Susquehanna .....                | Manila .....       | 29                  |

The twelve libraries reshipped were:

|       |        |        |        |
|-------|--------|--------|--------|
| 9,223 | 9,586  | 10,156 | 10,370 |
| 9,424 | 10,012 | 10,226 | 10,377 |
| 9,531 | 10,013 | 10,358 | 10,405 |

## SUMMARY.

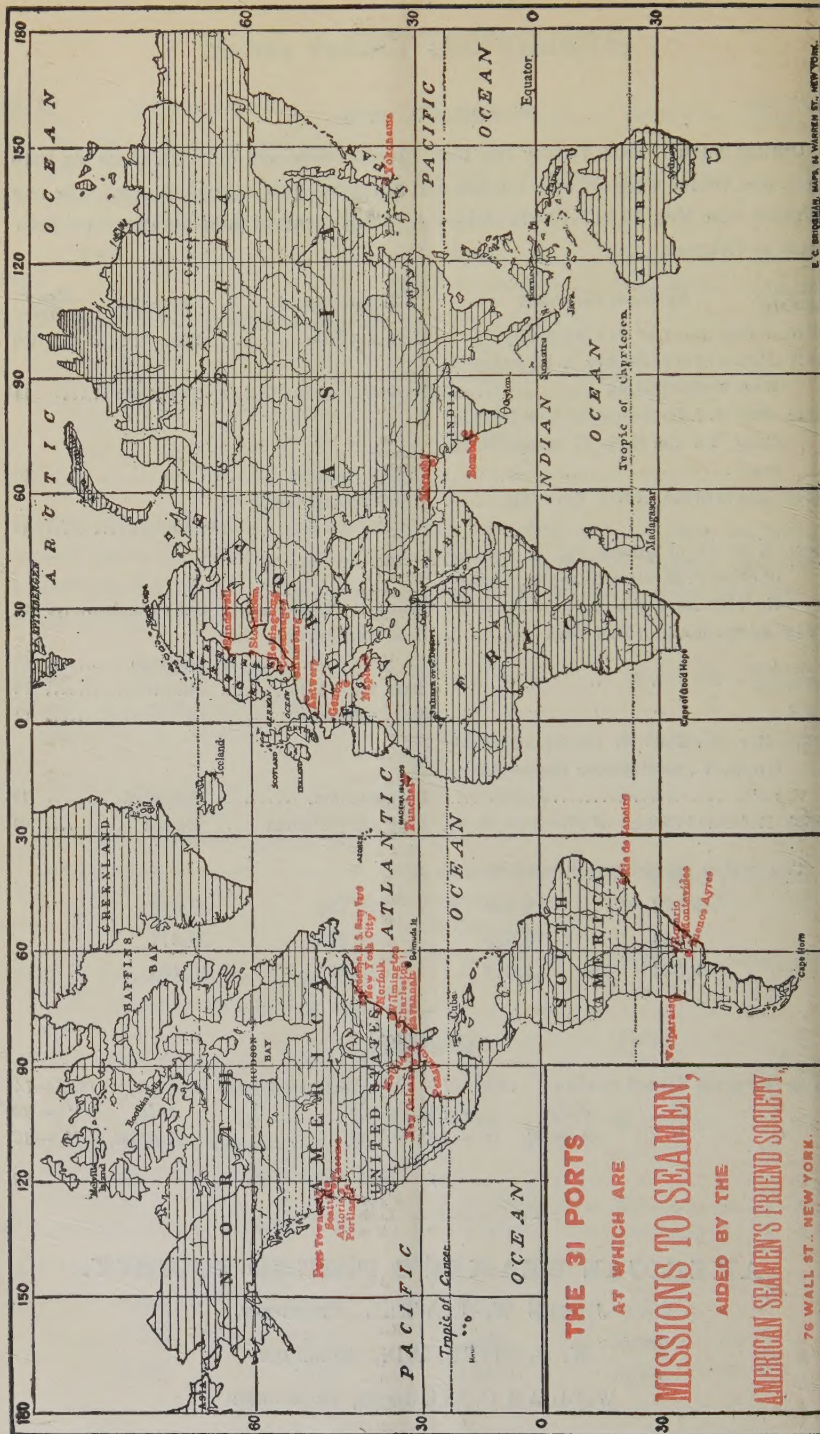
| <i>New libraries issued in June, 1898-10</i> | <i>Libraries reshipped in June, 1898-14</i> |
|--|---|
| " " July, " -10                              | " " July, " -12                             |
| " " August, " -10                            | " " August, " -12                           |
| 30   | 38  |

## AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

JAMES W. ELWELL, PRESIDENT.

W. C. STITT, D.D., SECRETARY.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, TREASURER.



# INFORMATION FOR SEAMEN.

|                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| SWEDEN, Helsingborg.....              | K. I. Berg.   |
| " Stockholm.....                      | J. T. Hedstrom.   |
| " Sundsvall.....                      | Rev. E. Eriksson.   |
| " Gottenborg.....                     | Christian Nielsen.  |
| DENMARK, Copenhagen.....              | Rev. A. Wollesen.   |
| GERMANY, Hamburg.....                 | British & American Sailors' Inst., H. M. Sharpe.                |
| BELGIUM, Antwerp.....                 | Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.                 |
| ITALY, Genoa.....                     | Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.                       |
| " Naples.....                         | Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.                |
| INDIA, Bombay.....                    | Seamen's Rest, F. Wood, Superintendent.                         |
| " Karachi.....                        | Rev. W. H. Dowling.   |
| JAPAN, Yokohama.....                  | Rev. W. T. Austen.  |
| " Kobe.....                           | Edward Makeham.   |
| " Nagasaki.....                       | John Makins.  |
| CHILE, Valparaiso.....                | Rev. Frank Thompson.  |
| ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, Buenos Ayres..... | Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home and Mission.                         |
| " Rosario.....                        | Rosario Sailors' Home & Mission, F. Ericsson.                   |
| MADEIRA, Funchal.....                 | Miss'n to Sailors & Sailors' Rest, Rev. W. G. Smart.            |
| MASSACHUSETTS, Gloucester.....        | Gloucester Fishermen's Inst., Rev. E. C. Charlton.              |
| CONNECTICUT, New Haven.....           | Woman's Sea. Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev. [John O. Bergh]. |
| NEW YORK, New York City.....          | Capt. Wm. Dollar.   |
| " Brooklyn, U. S. Navy Yard.....      | Rev. Geo. B. Cutler.  |
| VIRGINIA, Norfolk.....                | Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.                       |
| NORTH CAROLINA, Wilmington.....       | Wilmington Port Society, Rev. Jas. Carmichael.                  |
| SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.....       | Charleston Port Society, Rev. C. E. Chichester.                 |
| FLORIDA, Pensacola.....               | Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.                       |
| GEORGIA, Savannah.....                | Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.                              |
| ALABAMA, Mobile.....                  | Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.                         |
| LOUISIANA, New Orleans.....           | New Orleans Port Society, Rev. R. E. Steele.                    |
| OREGON, Portland.....                 | Portland Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. A. Robinson.               |
| " Astoria.....                        | Rev. J. McCormac.   |
| WASHINGTON, Tacoma.....               | Tacoma Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.                |
| " Seattle.....                        | Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Thos. Rees.               |
| " Port Townsend.....                  | Pt. Townsend Sea. Friend Society, C. L. Terry.                  |

## Directory of Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

| Location.                              | Established by                   | Keepers.                                       |
|--|----------------------------------|--|
| PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 104 Market St   | Seamen's Aid Society.....        | James F. Slaughter.                            |
| BOSTON, Mass., N. Sq., Mariners' House | Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y        | Capt. J. P. Hatch.                             |
| " Phineas Stowe Sea. Home...           | Lad. Beth. Soc., 8 N. Bennet St. | George C. Smith.                               |
| " Charlestown, 46 Water St...          | Epis. City Mission.....          | John Allen, Supt.                              |
| " East Boston, 120 Marginal St.        | .....                            | James M. Battles, Supt.                        |
| NEW BEDFORD, Mass., 14 Bethel Court.   | Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....      | E. Williams.                                   |
| NEW YORK, N. Y., 190 Cherry Street...  | Amer. Sea. Friend Society.       | F. Alexander, Lessee.                          |
| " 52 Market St.....                    | Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen      | H. Smith.                                      |
| BROOKLYN, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....   | Scandinavian Sailors' Home.      | Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.                       |
| " 112 First Place.....                 | Finnish Luth. Sea. Home..        | .....  |
| PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 422 South Front St. | Penn. " " " " " "                | Capt. R. S. Lippincott.                        |
| BALTIMORE, Md., 418 South Ann Street   | .....                            | Miss Ellen Brown                               |
| " 1737 Thames St.....                  | Port Miss., Woman's Aux'y        | Thomas Hansen, Supt.<br>Miss Laura Lee, Matron |
| WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.   | Wilmington Port Society...       | .....  |
| CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 Market St.....   | Ladies' Sea. Friend Society      | Capt. H. G. Cordes.                            |
| MOBILE, Ala.....                       | Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.      | .....  |
| NEW ORLEANS, La.....                   | N. O. Sea. Friend Society...     | Halvor Iverson.                                |
| SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....                | S. F. Sea. Friend Soc'y.....     | Capt. Melvin Staples.                          |
| PORTLAND, Ore.....                     | Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.       | Rev. A. Robinson.                              |
| NEW HAVEN, Conn.....                   | Ladies' Sea. Friend Society      | Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt                         |

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

| Location.                              | Aided by                     | Missionaries.              |
|--|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| PORTLAND, Me., Fort St., n. Custom H.  | Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..  | Rev. F. Southworth.        |
| BOSTON, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....     | Baptist Bethel Society.....  | " A. S. Gilbert.           |
| " Bethel, 287 Hanover St.....          | Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..   | " S. S. Nickerson.         |
| " East Boston Bethel.....              | Methodist.....               | " L. B. Bates.             |
| GLOUCESTER, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....    | Gloucester Fish'rmen's Inst. | " E. C. Charlton.          |
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| SAVANNAH, Ga.....                      | Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...   | " C. E. Chichester.        |
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| PORTLAND, Ore.....                     | Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...   | " J. Rowell.               |
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# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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## OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

**ARTICLE II, (of the Constitution.)**—The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

**CHAPLAINS.**—In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, CHILE, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLANDS, ICELAND, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, FRANCE, ITALY, and INDIA. A list of the chaplains, who will always be ready to befriend the sailor, is given on the preceding page.

**LOAN LIBRARIES.**—An important part of the Society's work, and one greatly blessed of God to the good of seamen, is that of placing on board ships going to sea, libraries composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it is communicated as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1, 1898, was 10,470. Calculating 12,300 reshipments, their 557,685 volumes have been accessible to more than 393,215 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contribution from Sabbath-Schools. Twenty dollars furnishes a library.

**THE SAILORS' HOME,** No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society and is leased under careful, judicious restrictions. It is unsurpassed in comfort by any Sailors' Home in the world; its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated but many seamen have there been led to Christ. Destitute, shipwrecked seamen are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society resides in the HOME, and religious and temperance meetings are held daily. The Lessee receives and cares for the savings of his sailor guests and a large amount has thus been saved to seamen and their families.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of the **MAGAZINE.**